THE LAND OF FIRE AND ITS PROPLE

Perrors that Besst the Sailor in the Straits of Magelian-A Mysterious but Profitable Sen Walf-Naked when Saw Files and Water Freezes-A Strange Post Offices. PUNTA ARENAS, Patagonia, June 12.-The glaciers of Switzerland and Norway are insig-nificant beside those which can be seen from ships passing the Straits of Magellan, Mounmins of green and blue ice, with crests of the purest snow, stretch fifteen and twenty miles slong the channel in some parts of the straits. They are by no means so lofty as those of ope, but appear more grand, rising as they to from the surface of the water in a land where winter always lingors, and the sun sots at 3 s'clock in the afternoon. The line of perpetual mowbegins here at an elevation of only 2.000 set, and at night water always freezes, even in the summer time. The highest mountains in Ferra del Fuego are supposed to reach an altitude of 7.000 or 8,000 feet; but the eye of man has seldom seen them, covered as they are with an almost perpetual haze or mist, and enting difficulties which the most ardent and experienced climber cannot surmount. The highest mountain known in this region is Yount Sarmiento, one of the most imposing of the Andean peaks, which rears a cone of otless snow nearly 7,000 feet almost abruptly spotless snow nearly 7,000 feet almost abruptly from the water at its feet. It stands in what is known as Cockburn Channel, not far from the open Pacific, and on clear days its summit can be distinguished from the decks of passing ships. The beauty of this peak is much anced by numerous blue-tinted glaciers. which descend from the anowy cap to the sea, and look, as Darwin, the naturalist, who once saw it, said, "like a hundred frozen Niagaras." There are other mountains quite as beautiful, but they sit in an atmosphere which is seldom so clear as that which surrounds Sarmiento and cannot often be seen by voyagers. That shain of mighty granite vertebres, which extends from Alaska to Cape Horn, and forms the spinal column of the hemisphere, ends in grandour at the edge of the antarctic circle. The mountains hug the Pacific coast, and below what was once the southern boundary of Chill, they seem to have once been shattered by a convulsion, in which mighty masses of rocks were thrown off into the ocean to form the numberless islands that compose the Patagonian Archipelago. The same upheaval broke the mountain chain and left Terra del Fuego separated from the contiment by what are known as the Straits of Magellan, narrow channels of water, about as broad as the Hudson River, and with a depth

to which the plummet has never reached, ning a safe and protected passage for navi-

gromme as and anti-to-to-to-to-share for ingations, for which in the incessant dumpers of
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trait of nor) between the west coast of Patcille, but the perlis from collision with techergs
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and build a fire upon the rocks to temper the frigid atmosphere. Around this they ouddle in a most affectionate way. The name of the islands upon which they live came from these fires. The early navigators, when passing through the straits, were amaged to see these fires spring up as if by magic all over the islands every night at sundown, and so they called them Terra del Fuego, or the Land of Fire. The English shorten the appellation, and thus the place is known as Fireland.

No one has ever been able to ascertain whether they possess any sort of religious belief or have roligious ceremonies. Across the straits the Fatagoniana, or horse indians, are of a higher order of creation, and perform sacred rices to propitiate the evil and good spirits in which, like the North American savages, they believe, but the Fuegians are too degraded to contemplate anything but the necessity of ministering to their passions and appetites. They cat fish and fissh uncooked, and appreciate as dainties the least attractive morsels. Their language is an irregular and meaningless largos, apparently derived from the Patagonians, with whom they were, some time in the distant past, connected. Bishop Sterling of the Church of England, a devoted and energotic man, who has charge of missionary work in South America, with head-guarters on the Falkiand Islands, has made some attempt to benefit these creatures, but with no great success. He has a little schooner in which he sails around, and has succeeded in ingratiating himself among the Fuegians by giving them presents of bends and twine, biankets and clothing. They use the first for ornaments, the second for fishing gear, but trade off the other things for rum and tobacco the first chance they get. As long as his gifts held out he will be kindly received, no doubt, and his devoted and energotic man, who has charge of his plantation will meet with encouragement, but if he should land among then without the usual plunder, they would probably kill him at break. The Fakkand lessants have succ

a no gaixinal islands lie off the coast of Terra del Fuego about 250 miles, and belong to the British crown. There is a town of about 800 inhabitants called St. Louis, where the Governor lives, and a coaling station is maintained for the bonefit of English men-f-war. The chief use of the islands otherwise is sheep growing, and the wool exports are becoming quito large. Nothing else grows there, however, because of the low temporature and the barrenness of the soil. One line of steamers touches at the Falkiands once a month or so, carrying provisions to the colony and bringing away the wool.

One of the curious things about the Straits of Magelian is the Fost Office. In a sheltered place, easy of access from the channel, but secluded from the Indians, is a tin box known to every seaman who navigates this part of the world. Every passing skiper places in this box letters and newspapers for other vessels that are expected this way, and takes out whatever is found to belong to him or his men. All the nowspapers and books that seamen are done with are deposited hore, which are picked up by the next vessel to arrive, and replaced with a new lot, it is a sort of international postal clearing house, and salors asy that the advantages it offers have never been abused during the half century the system has existed.

Every time a reasel passes through the straits the Fuegina Indians come out in their cances to show their sociability and trade what property they are fortunate enough to be possessed of for tobacco and rum. The passonger steamers saldom stop, but freight boats usually do, and hold interviews with the natives. The steamer we were on ran through several facets of dugouts, greatly to the danger of those who occupied them, as they paddled acress our course in the most reckless and excited manner. In each of the frail cances were three or four people and several children, who screamed and gesticulated in the most violent manner. They came so near the ship that we could distinguish their features and hear their wo

pointed as they, for we had all read and hear of the Fuegians, and anticipated much gusto, as the Spaniards say, in making their acquaintance. We knew that steamers usually stooped to let passengers have a look at the cannibals, and had read in Lady Brossey's "Voyage of the Sunbeam" and other descriptions of travel in those parts of the interesting encounters they had with them, and we had prepared ourselves with tobacce and other articles for the purpose of bartering for skins and other momentos of savage life.

One gentleman on board, with a strong Irish accent, had for a whole week been anticipating this opportunity, and proposed to gratify the tastes of the savages for rum without permitting them to suffer from the evils of intemperance. Being aware of their disposition to exchange personal property for fire water, he had taken a bottle of cheap brandy and divided it into six equal parts. With the most sincere impartiality he had placed each of these portions in other brandy bottles which were then carefully filled with fresh water. The dilution being rather colorless, and lacking the pungent flavor said to be grateful to the savage taste, he improved the appearance and bouquet of the liquor by adding molasses, mustard. Worcestershire sauce, and such other flery condiments as the steward's pantry afforded. The scheme was a great success. The mixture looked like what the labels on the bottles called for, and tasted like a drop of judgment day.

"Begad, sorra," he observed in contemplation of his triumph, "it'il give thim bloody divils great pleasure, and 'll do thim no harrum. They'll think they've got held of a rare ould yintage, an', begad, I'll tell 'um it's a prisent from the Pone. I'll lave a bottle open an give 'em a taste of it, to timp 'em, ye know, an' thin you'll see 'em climbing up the side o' the ship for moore."

The bottles still stand in the steated state that day that the Captain did not dare to stop the vessel for fear she might go against the rocks.

THE CONSOLATIONS OF INGERSOLL

Grief-stricken Mother. From the San Francisco Post.

Grief-stricken Mother.

From the San Francisco Pest.

It is not long since a lady of this city was suddenly overwhelmed by a great affliction, that, coming like a thunderbolt upon her, for a time threatened her life. Her son, and only child, had gone on a short business journey, expecting soon to return. Sudden and stal illness overtook him, and a brief telegram an nounced the drealful tidings to his heartbroken mother. The terrors of the Chivinistic creed, in which she had been brought up, and according to which, as she well know, there was no hope of future happiness for the unconverted young man, added greatly to her agonizing krisf over his doath, until her friends feared that her reason, if not her life, would be destroyed. A lady friend, who had sympathized deeply with and valuly sought to console her, informed Col. Ingersoil, and begged him, if possible, to write something which might at least relieve in a mensure the terrible apprehension as to the fate of her son, under which she was suffering. The following is his letter, which was in a good measure effective:

Mr Dras Marsz: Mrs C— has told me the tasl story of your almest infinite sorrow. I am not foother enough to suppose that I can save or district the many the surface of the surfac

STRANGE DISCOVERY NEAR THE COM-

Mow Jasper Perry of Massachusetts Dieted Himself to Benth-Momoranda Found in His Hut-Fighting to the Benth.

VIRGINIA CITY, Nevada, Aug. 28.-Last week Jasper Perry, an eccentric being, known to few Ipersons in this community except by sight, was found lying dead in his cabin, situated six miles north of this city. News of the man's death was brought to town by some wood outters. These men say that Perry was a strange, melancholy man, who had always lived alone, and for whose society none of them much cared, as he was ever preaching to them, and groaning fover the ignorance of mankind in general, in regard to matters pertaining to diet. He constantly asserted that all were debasing themselves, and lowering the intellectual standard of the race, by, their grossness in! feeding-by gormandizing on flesh, meats, and many other kinds of stimulating food which bloated up the mere physical man at the expense of the spiritual. He was fond of quoting the German punning proverb-"Der Mensch ist was er isst" [man is what he eats). He claimed that he was pursuing a dictetic course which was strengthening, and expanding his spiritual nature, and declared that if all mankind would but follow his rules, there would be no more wars or contentions in the world. All would be peace, and the "lion and the lamb would lie down together." Perry's strange appearance never failed to

Perry's strange appearance never failed to attract much attention as he passed through the town. He was always seen driving before him three venerable and dilapidated donkeys—animals that looked as if forced to conform to some of their master's notions in regard to dieteites. Jasper Ferry was a tail, gaunt, hungrylooking man, apparently about lifty years old; though his sailow complexion, his wrinkies, his deep-act eyes, and his long, tangled beard and iron-gray hair may havegiven him the appearance of more years than he had seen. His little train of donkeys always came into town laden with wood and went out bearing bundles of hay, topped out with bunches of turnips, beets, radishes, and onions. His few garments, ancient in fashion and coarse in fabric, hung loosely about his lean body and ahrunken limbs, seeming to rest here and there upon some gristly protuberance of his angular frame. Even his long and peculiarly shaped head appeared to have shrivelled away like a gourd prematurely gathered, and his old-fashioned, napless plug hat was every moment slipping down over his eyes and ears, while in the ample gircumference of his boot tops his churning no look to right or left, you were strongly reminded of the figure of the Knight of La Mancha, as that famous champion of the weak and distressed appeared when dismounted.

From Coroner Miot and his assistants, who went out into the hills to bring in the body, we have obtained some particulars in regard to the dead philosopher's cabin and its contents. In one corner of the earth-floored hut was aproad a rude couch, the mattress made of old sacks filled with hay, and resting upon a few pine boughs and bunches of sage brush. Upon this lay the body of the dead man. Near his head stood a small pine bow which had served as a candle stand.

As to the reason of the bed being placed on the ground, "on the bosom of his mother," as he expressed it. He said the carth was man's first couch, and his natural resting place, Ho claimed that by sleeping on the ground he absorbed a p

haled before too much diluted with the common atmosphere, exerted a benign influence on his brain.

Several long shelves were fixed against the logs of one wall of the cabin, all of which were loaded with dusty books, magazines, and pamblets. Upon opening a large trunk that stood at the foot of the couch, it was found to be completely filled with a queer collection of literary rubbish. All the books were gathered up and brought to town: also a great scrap book and a sort of journal or diary, in which are found recorded the results of experiments made and various thoughts upon disteties. Over the fireplace was nailed the skull of an ox, resting upon which was a human skull—evidently that of a Plute Indian—with the inscription. "The Eater and the Eaters."

The books brought in, and which are now at the office of Coroner Miot, appear to be all, or mainly, such as treat of dietetic matters, the titles running as follows: "What to Eat." "Vegetable Advocate," "Dietetic Reformer," the "Vegetable Advocate," "Dietetic Reformer," the "Vegetable Messenger," "Mace's History of Bread and its Effect on the Organization of Men and Animas." Butter Chemically Considered," "What We Eat," "How to Detect Adulteration in Our Daily Food and Drink," "Plain Thoughts on the Art of Living," and a hundred others of the same kind.

The old gentleman was evidently misled by the title of the volume last named, as it proves to be a series of lectures on moral and religious tooles delivered to young mea and women by the Rev. Washington Giadding, One may easily imagine the vexation of the poor follow when it came to examine the books. One may easily lines are to examine the book, poor follow when he came to examine the books the "American Home Cook Book." On the first biank leaf, however, l'erry had recorded his protest. "A most pernicious volume." It was ovident that he had read much that is contained in the "vicious" work, as beneath everal of the most valuable recipes are found written such comments as "Noxious found written such comments as "Noxious for the contained in the comments as "Noxious found written such comments as "Noxious for the contained written such contained with the contained wi

that is contained in the vicious work as beneath several of the most valuable recipes are found written such comments as "Noxious mess, af delusion and a snare, a device of the devil, sugar-coated and iolilipoped death!"

All that was found in the cabin besides what has been mentioned was a table, a bench, a camp kettle, and an old cast fron tea kettle. Nothing in the way of food was found save a few withered turnips and a sack containing a few pounds of what appeared to be a mixture of graham flour and sawdust, with part of a cake baked in the ashes, and more resembling sandstone than bread. The cake was found lying on the stand beside his candlestick, and marks could be soon showing where he had tried to graw it.

Outside of the cabin was found a furnace, roughly constructed of rocks and mud and containing a rude kind of still, made of old kerosene cans and a tin pipe, where the neighbors said the old man boiled or distilled all the water he used. He had much to say to those of his neighbors who found him at this work of the danger to be apprehended from bacteria, and beheld all things in nature swarming with bacterial life. Micrococci, bacilli, and the like were ever present in his mid. He waged a never-onding war against all manner of influctioning in the confinence. They were in the air, the water—everywhere. He could escape danger from meats by not easing them, yet the confaquin vicum was vigilantly to be guarded against in many other directions. This confaquin vicum gave him great concern. In his darry where he speaks of the completion of his boiling furnace and still, he says:

The theory of a contactum vicum is fortified by the fact that beling takes away the power to do harm from the infected fluids.

Just below this he says:

Dr. Sangrade of Valledaild was right in causing his

the infected duids.

Just below this he says:

Dr. Sangrade of Valledalid was right in causing his patients to drink hot water or water that had been tolled, but his practice of blood letting was all wrong, and caused him to less many patients, as we are informed by his assistant of Blass.

solidable crims her water or water that het been boiled, but his paralice of bood letting was all wrong, and caused him to lose many patients, as we are informed by his assistant Gil Bias.

All the water used in making his unsavory broad was either boiled or distilled. In his journal he attributes a fit of sickness with which he was stricken to his having mixed his bread with water that had not been boiled. He gives two or three pages to the matter. For a long time after using the impure water he was of the oninion that the animalcular that survived the baking were still in his stemach, where they were growing into monsters.

His scrup book is ponderous, pasted full of paragraphs elipped from newspapers, all of which have some bearing on his hobbies. He seems to have been early afflicted with a great dread of triching and other pernicious parasites infesting the flesh of various living animals. There is in the scrap book the subtance of almost everything that has ever been written in regard to such things—rinderpest, animalculae in water in milk. In vinegar, and in everything else, down to potato rot. He also greatly mistrusted the air, and had a wholesome droad of atmospheric germs, being ever in arms against bacteria, which were, in his eyes, more formidable than were dragons to the knights of old. His book is full of Dr. Sanson's sobeculations on the subject. In one place in his diary he writes in despair.

There seems long to have been in the habit of joiting down his resolves and reflections, but without date and without much order. In beginning his diary he says:

It is now twenty years since I cased drinking inporting the day he says.

It is now twenty years since I cased drinking inporting his diary he says:

It is now twenty years since I cased drinking inporting the day has a great with subroad, the stream of the says desired as or coffee, or any such energy along a such vegetable as come eater are cereals, note for early a veget development of the stream of the stream of the stream of the stream of t

A DIETETIC DON QUIXOTE. | Been the original stat . . . Two hundred million Further on he writes:

Further on he writes:

I have this day takes possession of my cabin. It is no palace; what of hast I must live alone to carry out my ideas. At the restaurants they would poison me with milk and the fat of animals—grease in the very bread. Good God, to think that but eight years ago I should have had the weakness to grease the sides of my bake kettle with a fifthy bacon rind! "Loophagi (lotus eaters)—A stranger living with these people a short time cares not to return to his home and kindred, so kind and gentle are these vegetable-eating tribes.

A KENTUCKY SNAKE FARM.

HE SKIRMISHED ABOUND FOR EGGS AND PLANTED THEM.

THE MONES OF MELLERAY.

A Monnetory of Irish Trapplets on an Iowa Prairie-Brother Mary. From the Chicago Herald.

AND SECTION REPORT 19, 1985.—TWENTER PARKS

AND SECTION REPORT 19, 1985.

AND SECTION REPORT 19,

THE DEMOCRACY'S CATO.

THE HON. WILLIAM STEELE HOLMAN ON THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

Democrate Can Telerate No Life Tenure of Office-A Heavy Reduction of Appropri-ations Expected this Winter-Money for the Navy-The Army Should be Reduced. From the San Francisco Call.
The Hon, William S. Holman is one of the

most influential men in Congress, and is be-lieved to have the confidence of President Cleveland more than any other Congressman. For twenty-two years he has fought for seonomy and reform in the House of Representatives. His long and eventful service has made

chinery of our Government. There is not a boit, nut, or serew in it that he is not familiar with, and wee to he man who iries to get a post. His unflinching opposition to every species of unserumplous and extravagant legislation has earned for him the title of "the great objector," by which he is widely known in the Last. The Sun, in advocating Holman as a Presidential candidate, said of him that he had been an extra to the Government by his long and intelligent opposition to jobs of every sort in Congress. The views of such a man are of unusual interest at this time, and a representative of the Call had the privilege yesterday of interviewing Mr. Holman at his from in the The Irrat question asked was: "What do you think of the new Administration is not fortunated think of the new Administration is not fortunated it will be from causes which the President colar to bestow more time than he does to affairs of state. Some mistakes have been made in the matter of appointments, have been made in the matter of appointments, have been made in the heads of departments, have been made in the heads of departments, have been made in the other corresponding to the corresponding

Bank paper."

"How about the tariff?"

"I have an idea that there will be an offer this winter to logistate upon this matter. But it will be of an entimently conservative nature; it will be an effort to tax articles of luxury to their greatest prossure, and to correspondingly entire the process of the country are too large for us to expect any economical reform in the workings of our fovernment require. The present revenues of the country are too large for us to expect any economical reform in the workings of our fovernment until they are reduced. I am not prepared to say that there is a sufficient change of heart in the Lody of the Republicans to permit them to vote with the Lody of the Republicans to remit them to vote with the Lody of the Republicans to remit them to vote with the Lody of the Republicans to remit them to vote with the Republicans to remit them to vote with the Lody of the Republicans to remit them to vote with the Republicans to remit the remit them were remitted to the remi